

THE LITERARY MIRROR.

VOL. 1.]

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 1, 1808.

[NO. 33.]

Sweet flowers and fruits from fair Parnassus' mount,
And varied knowledge from rich Science' fount,
We hither bring.

WOMEN

Remarkable for their polite Literature.

IT is wrong to deny that the Fair Sex are capable of Literature; all the old philosophers thought better of them. Pythagoras instructed not men only, but women; and among them Theano, whom Laertius makes to be his wife, and St. Clement calls the first of women, declaring, that she both philosophised and wrote poems.—The Stoics, Epicureans, and even the Academics, delivered their lessons freely to both sexes and all conditions. Themiste, the wife of Leontius, to whom there is extant an epistle of Epicurus, was a disciple of this philosopher.

Atossa, queen of Persia, is said to be the first who taught the art of writing epistles.

In the time of Alexander the great flourished Hipparchia, the sister of Metrocles the cynic, and wife of Crates. She wrote of philosophical arguments, essays, and questions, to Theodorus, surnamed the Deist.

Pamphilia the Egyptian, who lived in the time of Nero, wrote eight books of historical miscellanies.

Agallis of Corcyra is celebrated for skill in grammar. She ascribes the invention of the play at ball to her country-woman Nausica, who is the only one of all his heroines that Homer introduces at this diversion.

Quintilian celebrates three Roman women in words to this effect. "Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, contributed much to the eloquence of her sons, and her learned stile is handed down to posterity in her letters. The daughter of Lælius expressed in her conversation the eloquence of her father. There is an oration of the daughter of Quintus Hortentius, delivered before the Triumvirs, which will ever be read to the honour of her sex." Quintilian has omitted the learned consort of Varus, and Cornificia the poetess, who left behind her the most exquisite epigrams. This lady, who flourished in the reign of Octavius Cæsar, used to say, that learning alone was free, as being entirely out of the reach of fortune.

Catherine of Alexandria was a most learned virgin, if we may credit what is related of her. She is said to have disputed with 50 philosophers, at the age of only 18 years, and so far to have overcome them by the subtlety of her discourse, as to have converted them to the christian religion. [We may make some allowance to the legends in this story, and yet believe her to have been a most accomplished genius.]

Who was more learned than Zenobia, queen of Palmyra, by religion a Jew? We have the testimony of her conqueror himself, the emperor Aurelian, to her character, in his letters to the

Roman senate. Trebellius Pollio says, she spoke Egyptian, read Latin into Greek, and wrote an abridgement both of the Alexandrine and Oriental history. Her master in the Greek was Dionysius Longinus, who had before taught Porphyry, and who was called a living library, and a walking museum. We have now extant of this Longinus, the admirable little Treatise of the Sublime.

Sosipatra, wife of the famous Eustathius, remembered the finest passages of all the poets, philosophers, and orators, and had an almost inimitable talent at explaining them. Though her husband was a man of prime rank in learning yet she so far outshone him, as to obscure his glory; and after his death, she took upon her the education of youth.

What shall we say of Eustochium, daughter of Paulla the Roman, who was learned in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and most assiduous in the study of the sacred scriptures? St. Jerom speaks many things in her praise. There are epistles of the same father extant to several illustrious women, as Paulla, Læta, Fabiola, Marcella, Furia, Demetrius, Salvia, Gerontia, &c. Why should we mention others, to whom there are letters extant of Ambrose, Augustin, and Fulgentius?—The compliments of fathers are testimonies of their learning.

Hypatia was the daughter of that Theon of Alexandria, whose writings now remain. She was a vast proficient in astronomy. This lady was murdered through religious frenzy, by the Alexandrine mob, because she made frequent visits to Orestes the philosopher. Some accuse Cyril, surnamed the Saint, as the author of this inhumanity: but those who are willing to exculpate him, lay the charge upon Theodorus, his reader or curate. However this might be, she was seized coming out of the philosopher's, dragged into the church, stripped naked, then torn to pieces and her limbs burnt. [A most horrid tragedy, which we wish were not at all to be charged upon persons who called themselves christians!]

At the same time flourished Eudocia, before whose name was Athenais, daughter of Leontius the philosopher, and consort of the emperor Theodosius the Younger: She was deep read both in Greek and Latin learning, skilled in poetry, mathematics, and all the philosophical sciences.

About the year of Christ 500, Amalasuenta, the daughter of Theodoric, king of the Goths, and wife of Eutharic, who was made consul by the emperor or Justin, was celebrated both for her learning and her wisdom. Princes are said to come and advise with her, and admire her great understanding. She took upon her the administration of affairs in the name of her son Athalaric, who was left king at eight years of age, and whom she instructed in all the polite learning, before unknown to the Goths: but this barbarous people made an insurrection on the occasion, and drove her out of authority.

Helpis, the learned wife of the learned Boethius, flourished in 530. She left behind her hymns to the apostles.

Bandonia, the scholar of St. Radegundis, wrote the life of her holy mistress, who died in 530.

About 650 flourished Hilda, an abbess, celebrated by Pits among his English writers, and Rede in his Ecclesiastical History. She was daughter of Hereic, prince of Deira, and aunt of Adulph, king of the East Saxons.

About 770, St. Rictrude, a noble virgin made great proficiency in literature under her master Alcuin; after whose departure out of England she shut herself up to her studies in the monastery of St. Bennet at Canterbury, where she produced many writings. St. Walpurg flourished about ten years after, and was also very famous.

About two centuries lower down, under the emperors Otho I. and II. lived the nun Rhosoitar, skilled both in the Latin and Greek languages. She wrote a panegyric upon the deeds of the Otho's, six comedies, the praises of the blessed virgin and St. Dennis, in elegiac verses, with other works. In the year of Christ 1140, flourished Anna Comena, daughter of Alexis Comnenus, emperor of Constantinople. This princess, in the 15 books of her Alexiad, which she wrote upon the deeds of her father, displayed equally her eloquence and learning.

St. Hildegard, of Mentz, was famous about 8 years after; and at the same time flourished St. Elizabeth, of Schonau, sister of a certain king Ecbert. The monkish writers celebrate them for their visions, which received the sanction of Pope Eugenius III: But we mention them for their historical, didactical, and epistolary writings, a collection of which has been published. St. Catherine Senensis also wrote epistles, and various treatises in the dialogue manner which are now extant, as well as her life, written by Raimund her confessor, a dominican friar. Whatever was the sanctity of these women, of their learning we have certain monuments.

In the year 1484, under Charles VIII. king of France, flourished Gabriele de Bourbon, princess of Trimouille. A catalogue of her various writings are preserved in French authors.

About three years after, Cassandra Fidele, a Venetian virgin, acquired great applause. By an excellent oration delivered publicly in the universities of Padua, in behalf of Betrut Lambertini her relation, she won the supreme laurel crown in philosophy. This oration was afterwards printed at Modena.

Alike for her own learning, and her patronage of the learned, Margaret of Valois, queen of Navarre, merited of mankind. Joan the daughter of this princess had by Anthony of Bourbon, Henry IV. king of France, founder of the family of the late reigning monarch.

Bologna boasts of several learned women, among which were Joanna Blanchetta, and Novella Andrea: and of the learning of Catherine Landa, we read in Bembo's epistles.

In the year of Christ 1533, Catherine queen of England, aunt by the mother's side to the emperor Charles V. was divorced from her husband Henry VIII. She wrote Meditations upon the Psalms, also a book of The Lamentations of a sinner.

What shall we say of her sister Joanna, married to Philip archduke of Austria, duke of Burgundy, and by his wife king of Spain? She answered extempore in Latin the orations made to her in that tongue, in a progress through her several towns and cities after her accession.

Sir Thomas More, chancellor of England, had three daughters, Margaret, Elizabeth, and Cæcilia, of whom their father took care that they were not only chaste, but very learned; because he rightly judged, that their chastity would be by this means the more secure. [There is indeed nothing like a love of good books to preserve the purity of the mind.]

The learning of Fulvia Olympia Morata, daughter of Peregrine Moratus, is evident from the writings she has left: And that Hippolita Taurella's was equal, appears from her pieces collected together with those of Morata.

It is needless to quote queen Elizabeth, or the lady Jane Gray, as eminent instances of this kind; because the English historians are full of their praises upon the subject.

Vossius mentions farther only Anne Schurman, a noble Dutch virgin, whose Latin poetry recommends her to this day. He thinks, that if this catalogue was added to those he had given separately of the female poets and historians, sufficient examples would appear in behalf of the fair sex, that they were equally capable of fine literature with the men.

We might add to these, out of a hundred others, the two Le Fevres among the French, one of them married to M. Dacier, and the other to the famous Le Clerc; and among ourselves, Mrs. Catherine Philips, and Mrs. Elizabeth Singer, afterwards Rowe, as no ways inferior to any that have been mentioned. But I hope my fair readers, who have any taste of learning, will think a long paper of little more than gleanings of the names of learned women, sufficient to keep them in countenance against the too prevailing custom of cards, visitings, and other ways of killing that time, which should be always held precious by both sexes.

Dean Swift outwitted by the Cobler.

AN English gentleman having some occasion to see the Dean, went over to Ireland for the purpose of waiting on him; but, being an entire stranger to the country, he made many ineffectual enquiries after his place of residence, till at length he found out a cobbler's stall in the vicinity of his mansion, where, seeing the man at work, he enquired of him where the Dean lived. The cobbler, pursuing his business, and unmindful of the enquirer, replied, "I know nothing at all at all about him." In the interim a woman passing by and hearing the conversation, asked the cobbler if he was not ashamed to say he did not know the Dean, when he lived but a few doors from him? The cobbler still persisting in his answer, the woman directed the gentleman to the Dean, who it would be unnecessary to mention,

received him with that politeness and hospitality distinguishable to himself and the country. After the Dean and his guest had completed the business they had been investigating, they went into general topics of conversation; in the course of which the gentleman told the Dean he was astonished that a man of his public character should be so little known: So little known, replied the Dean, I am known from one end of Ireland to the other! Not a shoeblack, nor a chandler's shop, but could direct you! How happens it then, says the gentleman, that the cobbler opposite, now at work in his stall, says he does not know you? Not know me replies the Dean in warmth, not know me! I'll send for him directly, and know the cause of this insult. He sent for the cobbler, who attended forthwith, when enquiring of him how he dared to say he did not know him? the cobbler (scratching his head) said, your honour, I never knows a man I never drank with, and I never drank with your honour. The Dean conceiving him to be one of his sort in eccentricity, said, well, cobbler, we will be better acquainted; and ordering up a bottle of wine, bid him sit down and drink with him, which while they were doing cheek by jole as the saying is, the Dean enquired after his pursuits in life—as, how he lived, what family he had, &c.—The cobbler told him he had a wife and six children, and nothing but his labour to depend on. The Dean then asked him if it would do him a service were he to lend him 5l. and to take it by instalments at 2s. per week; to which the cobbler answered, he should consider him the best friend he ever had. The Dean immediately gave him the money, with a positive injunction that he should come on that day week, and every succeeding day on the weeks following, till the whole of the money should be paid; which the cobbler agreeing to, they had recourse to their conversation and the bottle. When the cobbler found the bottle nearly exhausted, he asked the Dean if he would grant him a favour. The Dean, after some hesitation, said he could not grant him a favour unless he knew the conditions. The other said he could not propose it unless he unconditionally agreed to a compliance, stating there was nothing improper in it. The Dean conceiving the cobbler an oddity like himself, agreed to grant it. The cobbler then said, will you agree to cobblers' law? Cobblers' law! said the Dean. But I have promised, and will agree. Then said the cobbler, the cobbler's law is this, that he who is the receiver, treats; and, as I have received five pounds of you this night, here is my two shillings for the bottle of wine. The Dean took his money, and at parting desired him to be punctual, which the cobbler promised. On the first day of payment the cobbler went to fulfil his engagement, and paid the Dean his first instalment, which after having received he was leaving the room, when the cobbler told him he was the receiver, and of course he must treat him.—Pox take you, said the Dean, if cobblers' law obliges me to treat you with a bottle of wine every time you pay me two shillings, I'd better be without your custom. Keep the money, and don't trouble me any more.

It often happens, that those are the best people, whose characters have been the most injured by slanderers: as we usually find that to be the sweetest fruit which the birds have been picking at.

Prince Eugene.

The History of Prince EUGENE, when disgraced, and his dangerous situation, occasioned by the intrigues of the courtiers, after the great service he rendered his Master and Country, particularly in a great victory obtained the Turks at Zenta in Hungary.

JUST before the battle of Zenta, the prince received an order from the emperor to avoid an engagement. He kept this message a secret from his army; and, perceiving that he could not in that juncture pay the obedience to it which he desired, without a greater prejudice to his master's affairs, than they would probably suffer even by a defeat, he determined to proceed as the circumstances of the case required, and rather venture the loss of his favour, than to neglect so fair an opportunity as then presented of doing him the most real and important service. The glorious issue of this wise and honest resolution, was one of the completest victories over the Turks, that was ever gained; yet, notwithstanding, both his sovereign, and the whole empire reaped the greatest advantage thereby, it had like to have been the occasion of his utter destruction.

When the campaign (that of 1697, in which the battle of Zenta was fought) was over, the prince set out for Vienna, flattering himself (as he had the utmost reason) that the monarch at whose feet he was going to lay such unfading laurels, would receive him with new marks of affection, and with such testimonies of his approbation as were due to the happy success of his enterprizes. But alas! he was deceived. His victory, glorious as indeed it was, even disgusted the emperor. His majesty was credulous, and easily influenced by his favourites. Some of these, who were the prince's enemies, taking advantage of this disposition, endeavoured to poison an action, in his opinion, which merited immortal honours. Envy inspired them with all the artifices that were proper to facilitate their designs. Capara, the implacable Caprara, never ceased insinuating to the emperor, that the fortunate event of the late exploit was no excuse for the victor's rashness, or for his disobeying the imperial mandate, which forbade him to engage. Count Kinski, chancellor of Bohemia, and first privy counsellor to the emperor, inspired with the same hatred of Eugene, joined in Caprara's suggestions, and contributed not a little to irritate his majesty against him. Leopold, though just and good-natured, was however subject to the inseparable attribute to sovereigns, he was extremely tender of his authority; and the discourses of Caprara, and the other rivals of our hero, had kindled his jealousy in this respect. He was not sorry for his general's success, but he could not suffer it to be thought, that he had not paid due submission to his orders; his being vanquished had been less displeasing than his disobedience: or rather he was chagrined at his own mistake, in sending those orders, so contrary to his interest, and which, I dare say, if they had been complied with, would have been attended with pernicious consequences. Caprara and the others continued daily to aggravate his displeasure; and observing him to be sensible,

on no other side but that of his prerogative, they perpetually harped on that string. In a word, by incessantly muttering treason, temerity, and rebellion, they obtained their malicious purposes, and incensed him against a person, who, above all others, merited his confidence and favour.

The prince had not the least suspicion of this conspiracy to ruin him. He proceeded on his journey from Hungary amidst the acclamations of the multitude, and when he arrived at Vienna, the inhabitants ran out to meet him, and conducted him into that capital with transport, calling him their tutelar angel, and deliverer of the empire; so that if the affections of a people could be any consolation to a general under the frowns of his sovereign, ours had no great reason to lament the disgrace which he afterwards experienced. He had presently some intimation of the snares that were laid for him, nevertheless he instantly demanded an audience of the emperor. It was granted; but he was received in so cold a manner as quite astonished him. However, he soon recovered himself. He delivered into his majesty's hands the seal of the Ottoman empire, which the grand vizier had lost, together with his life, in the field of Zenta; and with a composure and confidence becoming his innocence, gave him an account of all he had done, and of the condition in which he had left his army in Hungary.

If the prince was amazed at the emperor's behaviour when he now waited on him, expecting his caresses and congratulations, he had cause to be so much more, when he had secret intelligence from a lord, who was one of his friends, that there was an intention of arresting him, and proceeding against him by the aulic council of war. To this advice was added a particular information of all the stratagems which his enemies had employed to destroy him. He could hardly credit such a report, or persuade himself the emperor could so easily forget his services, as to hearken to the calumnies of his adversaries. But how improbable soever this might seem, he had no cause to doubt of its being the case, when the count de Schlick, captain of the guard, came soon after to demand his sword, and to forbid him in the emperor's name, to stir out of Vienna. The prince, how little equity soever there appeared in it, received this message very respectfully. "There," said he to the officer—"is my sword, which the emperor demands of me, it is yet reeking with the blood of his enemies, and I desire to receive it no more, if I may not employ it for his service."

What care soever the court took to keep this affair secret, the whole city was quickly apprised of it. The burgesses hereupon assembled, and consulted how they should protect his highness, if there should be any attempts against his life or liberty. "What," said they, "is such usage as this a proper recompence for a hero, who has saved Vienna and the Empire, from a ruin that we looked upon as inevitable?" Their attachment went so far, that they deputed some of the principal of their party to wait on him, with assurances of their being ready to defend him against any who should presume to touch his person. They even offered to guard his palace, and to repulse every one that dared to invade the immunity of it. The prince thanked them for these tokens of their affection and esteem, but told

them, "he chose to have no other guard than the integrity of his conduct, and the little which he had done for the service of his imperial majesty:"—"he is," said he, "too wise a monarch far not to distinguish truth from calumny, and he is too equitable not to render me in a little time that justice which he thinks I have a right to."

The deputies, at their departure, assured him, that all the citizens were resolved to sacrifice their lives and fortunes rather than he should suffer the least molestation. Whether these proceedings of the inhabitants of Vienna, made the Emperor apprehensive of some popular tumults, or whether his natural good nature resumed its ascendancy, and got the better of his resentment, certain it is, that from this very day, his heart was altogether changed in favour of prince Eugene; and when presently after, Caprara solicited in full council, that his highness should be summoned before the council of war, to be interrogated and examined, his majesty made this remarkable reply: "God forbid, that I should treat as a malefactor, a prince, by whom heaven has conferred on me so many unmerited favours. How can he be in fault, whom God has made the instrument of chastising the enemies of his son?" These words sealed up the mouth of envy. Caprara was obliged to be silent, and content himself with the vain pleasure of having involved prince Eugene in a troublesome affair, the ill success of which, was a punishment on himself only, and all the vengeance his highness sought for. His generous heart immediately forgot the injury, and never testified the least resentment. His zeal for his master, so far from being cooled by this adventure, was rather inflamed. On the other hand, the Emperor from henceforth reposed in him an absolute confidence, and omitted nothing that might erase out of his mind the remembrance of the vexation he had given him. He named him again to the command of his forces in Hungary; and, to deprive his adversaries of the least ground for censuring his behaviour, he gave him a secret warrant under his own hand, to do whatsoever he thought requisite for his service, without being accountable on any pretext whatsoever. It was only on this condition he would consent to take on him any more the charge of the war, and to this unlimited commission the empire owed all which this great captain did afterwards for its defence, and for the interest of the house of Austria in particular.

Botany Bay.

The following specimen of fine writing is extracted from a Botany Bay Journal, and shows how high our expatriated countrymen have arisen in the scale of literature. The same taste and imagination characterize most of the news-papers in that part of the globe:

[LON. PAP.]

THE peach orchard again presents us with its natural beauties, formed to be admired. Nature awakens from her winter slumbers; with modest blush adorns the Spring; the morn of vegetation. The Summer, darting forth its penetrating beams, shall from the root draw forth the liquid sap to decorate the scene with verdant beauties, and to maturer growth conduct the pendant fruit. Autumn, anon, by Ceres ushered in, gives confirmation to the whole, and cheers the grateful kind with gladdening plenty. This is the time when the light comes again; and nature

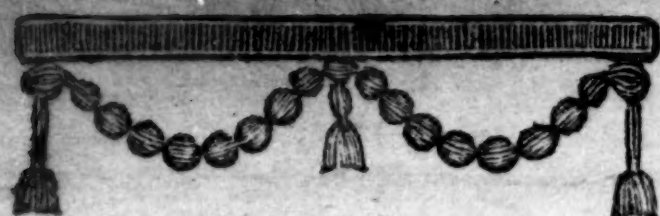
Anecdotes.

A YOUNG gentleman at the university, was called upon by an old servant of his father's with compliments from the family.—"Well," said the student, "how do they all at home: what news do you bring me?"—"None," said John, "except that our old raven is dead; so that is all." "But pray, what did he die of?" "How could it be otherwise, when he eat so much carrion?"—"Carrion! how could he get at such quantities?"—"Why, the four coach horses are dead too." "Aye! pray what killed them?" "Why they might have lived long enough, if they had not been over worked in drawing water." "Really! pray how came it about that they had so much water to draw?" "Why, sir, it happened, the day our mansion house was burnt down, that"—"How! my father's house burnt say you; by what accident?" "By no accident at all, sir—it would never have happened, if our people had not been so cruelly careless of their torches!" "Of their torches! pray, what had they to do with torches?"—"Why, sir, the torches were made use of at your good mother's funeral!" "How!—my mother dead, and buried without my knowing of her being sick? This is incomprehensible!" "Not so incomprehensible neither, for she died of no other disease than a broken heart." "But for God's sake, John, what could occasion this excessive grief?" "Oh! as to that matter, she had reason enough:—Lady —, who was so lately your mother's waiting maid, appeared at the last birth-day assembly, in a more rich and elegant habit than was ever before seen in our country."

A gentleman in Yorkshire, having gained the consent of his fair one, procured a licence, and the nuptials were celebrated without delay: a few days after the union, it was discovered that the bride's name was Frances; but the lover, in his great haste for happiness, had galloped over that of his favorite, and stumbled upon the name of her younger sister, *Esther*! The minds of the company had been too much occupied to attend to trifles during the ceremony, and there was no method of rectifying this singular mistake, but by a re-marriage, which, to make all secure, was done with banns.

IN a very severe winter when wood began to be scarce in Boston, Gov. Winthrop received information that a neighbour was wont to help himself from the pile at his door. "Does he?" said the governor, "call him to me, and I will take a course with him that shall cure him of stealing." The man appeared, and the governor addressed him thus: "Friend, it is a cold winter, and I hear you are meanly provided with wood: you are welcome to help yourself at my pile till the winter is over." And then merrily asked his friend whether he had not put a stop to the man's stealing?

AN Arabian being once asked of whom he had learned virtue; replied "Of the bad, for their wickedness inspired me with a distaste to vice."



Original Poetry.

For you ye fair I feel a joy divine,
To gather fruit and point you to the vine.

FROM DARWIN'S BOTANIC GARDEN.

Poses in the Rushes.

WHERE vast Ontario rolls his brineless tides,
And feeds the trackless forests on his sides,
Fair CASSIA, trembling, hears the howling woods,
And trusts her tawny children to the floods.
Cinctured with gold, with ten fond brothers stand,
And guard the beauty on her native land;
Soft breathes the gale, the current gently moves,
And bears to Norway's coasts her infant-loves.
So the sad mother, at the noon of night,
From bloody Memphis stole her silent flight;
Wrapt her dear babe beneath her folded vest,
And claspt the treasure to her throbbing breast,
With soothing whispers hush'd its feeble cry,
Prest the soft kiss, and breathed the secret sigh.
With dauntless step she seeks the winding shore
Hears unappall'd the glimmering torrents roar;
With paper-flags a floating cradleweaves,
And hides the smiling boy in lotus-leaves;
Gives her white bosom to his eager lips,
The salt tears mingling with the milk he sips;
Waits on the red-crown'd brink with pious guile,
And trusts the scaly monsters of the Nile.
Erewhile majestic from his lone abode,
Embassador of heaven, the prophet trod;
Wrencht the red scourge from proud oppression's hands,
And broke, curst slavery! thy iron bands.

From the Columbian Centinel.

Sappho to Phaon,

By THE CELEBRATED MRS. ROBINSON.

DANG'ROUS to hear is that melodious tongue,
And fatal to the sense those murd'rous eyes,
Where in a sapphire sheath, love's arrow lies,
Himself conceal'd the crystal hearts among!
Oft o'er that form, enamour'd have I hung,
On that smooth cheek to mark the deep'ning dyes,
While from that lip the fragrant breath would rise,
That tip like Cupid's bow with rubies strung!
Still, let me gaze upon that polish'd brow,
O'er which the golden hair luxuriant plays;
So on the modest lily's leaves of snow,
The proud sun revels in refulgent rays!
Warm as his beams this sear'd heart shall glow,
Till life's last hour, with PHAON'S self decays!

To the Ladies.

Just published, and for sale at the Bookstore of
THOMAS & TAPPAN, price one Dollar, the 4th
edition of a new system of

DOMESTIC COOKERY,

Formed upon principles of economy, and adapted to
the use of private families—by a LADY. Containing,
Miscellaneous observations for the use of the Mis-
tress of a Family—Different methods of cooking the
several kinds of Fish—Observations on dressing Fish.
—On dressing Meats—On dressing Poultry—On
making Pies—On making Soups—On making Gravies
and Sauces—On making Vinegars and Pickles—On
making Stews—On making Salads and boiling Vegeta-
bles—Small Dishes for Supper—Force meat for Pat-
ties, Balls, or Stuffing—Pastry—Puddings—Sweet
Dishes—Fruits—Ices—Cakes—French Bread—To
make and preserve Yeast—To pot and roast Cheese.
—To poach Eggs—On managing a Dairy—Home
Brewery—Cookery for the Sick—Useful Directions
to give to Servants.

ADVERTISEMENT.

As the directions which follow were intended for the
conduct of the families of the authoress's own daugh-
ters, and for the arrangement of their table, so as to u-
nite a good figure with proper economy, she has avoided
all excessive luxury, such as essence of ham, and that
wasteful expenditure of large quantities of meat for
gravy, which so greatly contributes to keep up the price,
and is no less injurious to those who eat, than to those
whose penury bids them abstain. Many receipts are
given for things which, being in daily use, the mode of
preparing them may be supposed too well known to re-
quire a place in a cookery book; yet how rarely do we
meet with fine melted butter, good toast and water, or
well made coffee! She makes no apology for minute-
ness in some articles, or for leaving others unnamed,
because she writes not for professed cooks. This little
work would have been a treasure to herself, when she
first set out in life, and she therefore hopes it may be
useful to others. In that idea it is given to the public,
and as she will receive from it no emolument, so she
trusts it will escape without censure.

The best recommendation this work can have, is
to say, that it has run through three large editions the
year past.

October 1, 1808.

J. Johnson,

INFORMS his friends, and the public at large, that
he has lately opened a shop near the ferry-ways, where
he carries on the business of a BARBER, in all its va-
rious branches; and pledges himself to give satisfac-
tion to all who shall honour him with their custom.

For no one to the razor's use e'er bred,
Could handle it with better grace,
More kindly shave the roughest face,
Or with superior taste set off a head!

Portsmouth, Sept. 24, 1808.

Printing.

THE VARIOUS BRANCHES OF

Letter-Press Printing,

EXECUTED WITH

Pearness, Accuracy, and Dispatch,

BY

STEPHEN SEWALL,

AT THE MIRROR PRINTING OFFICE, OPPOSITE THE BRICK MAR-
KET, COURT STREET, PORTSMOUTH.

BLANKS, BILLS, CARDS, &c.

PRINTED AT SHORT NOT

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HASTINGS, ETHERIDGE & BLISS,

No. 8, State-street, Boston,

AND S. ETHERIDGE,

Washington Head, Charlestown,

ARE PUBLISHING BY SUBSCRIPTION,

In 60 Volumes Duodecimo, to be ornamented with plates
engraved by the first American Artists;

ENTITLED,

"Select Miscellaneous Classics,"

COMPRISING THE ENTIRE WORKS OF

Pope, Swift, Smollet, Addison, Goldsmith, Johnson,
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